

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Enter Clifford,

Rut. O Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Clif. Chaplaine away, thy Priesthood saues thy life,
As for the brat of that accursed Duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall dye.

Tutor. Oh Clifford, spare this tender Lord, least
Heauen reuenge it on thy head: oh saue his life.

Clif. Soldiers away, and drag him hence perforce:
Away with the villaine. *Exit Chaplaine.*
How now, what dead already? or is it feare that
Makes him close his eyes? Ile open them.

Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the Lambe,
And so he walkes insulting ore his prey,
And so he turnes againe to rend his limbes in sunder,
Oh Clifford, kill me with thy sword, and
Not with such a cruell threatening looke,
I am too meane a subiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuendge on men, and let me liue.

Clif. In vaine thou speakest poore boy: my fathers
Blood hath stopt the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe, he is a
Man, and Clifford cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren heere, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me.

Or should I dig vp thy fore-fathers graues,
And hang their rotten Coffins vp in chaines,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart,
The sight of any of the house of *Yorke*,
Is as a fury to torment my soule.

Therefore till I roote out that cursed line,
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therefore.

Rut. Oh let me pray, before I take my death.

To thee I pray: Sweet Clifford pittie me.

Clif. I, such pittie as my rapiers point affords.

Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Yorke and Lancaster

Rut. But t'was ere I was borne.

Thou hast one sonne, for his sake pittie me
Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,
He be as miserably slaine as I.

Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies,
and when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cau

Clif. No cause? Thy father slew my father
Plantagenet, I come *Plantagenet*,
And this thy sonnes blood cleauing to me
Shall rust vpon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeald with his, do make me wipe off

Alarmer, enter the Duke of Yorke

Yorke. Ah *Yorke*, poste to thy Castle, for
The goale is lost, thou house of Lancaster
Thrice happy chance is it for thee and thine
That heauen abridgde my daies, and calls
But God knowes what chance hath betide
But this I know, they haue demaend their
Like men borne to renowe by life or death
Three times this day came *Richard* to my view
and cried courage, Father: victory or death
and twice so oft came *Edward* to my view
With purple Faulchion painted to the hilt
In blood of those whom he had slaughtred
Oh harke, I heare the drums. No way to
No way to saue my life? and heere I stay
And heere my life must end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, and Soldiours.

Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland
I dare your quenchlesse fury to more blood
This is the But, and this abides your shroud
Northumb. Yeld to our mercies, proud Clifford
Clif. I, to such mercy as his ruthfull arm